

looking

at the racked  
shotguns the  
other side of  
wire meshed  
glass in ace  
gunshop window  
when he dances  
up behind me  
saying i love  
guns hair a  
white tangle  
the wind rides  
as he yanks  
the tank top  
out of his  
pants to show  
me a deep  
furrow plowing  
thru gut hair  
sez that's  
where death  
tried to write  
his name in  
my meat starts  
doing clumsy  
buck & wing in  
a pile of  
cigarette butts  
someone emptied  
from a car  
ashtray yelling  
not even 3  
strokes can  
keep me from  
dancing

-- todd moore

Belvidere IL